

The Rutherford Star.

“GO REED SQUARED WOOD ALIVE BRIGHT AND BOLD GO AHEAD.”—Davy Crockett.

VOL. II.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

NO. 38.

POETRY.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

Four hundred thousand men—
The brave, the good, the true—
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave,
Have made our ransom soil their grave,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you,
To the brave, the good, the true—
In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black lagoon,
In many a cold and frozen camp,
Through many a burning camp,
And died for me and you!
From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain—
To gain for me and you!
Our brave, our honored by our side,
They marched, and fought and bravely died,
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall—
They charged, these boys in blue—
With strength, and valour, bold,
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
The noble in—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you,

In treason's prison hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While pale and timid stood.
The good, the patient and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friends, for me and you!

—Round Table.

ORIGINAL STORY.

BY ALPHA DE KAPPA.

CHAPTER XI.

But the quiet at Mason Hall was not interrupted that night. The thunderstorm raged in fury for a few hours, and then the pale moon kept watch over the happy inmates who slept unconscious of the danger which had threatened them.

Had George Pelham arrived now he could have easily accomplished his bloody work. But he did not come; and the night waned, and the sun arose in beauty over the mountains; and nothing told the tale of the missing man.

Where was he? It was left to Eugene himself, to discover this. Soon after breakfast he mounted his horse and started down to Franklin. He had heard, the day before, of Pelham's escape from the officers of Justice, and wished to know the sequel. Not that he felt how deeply it concerned himself. He only wished to know, as thousand others did, whether the murderer had been captured or not.

He had not gone more than a mile on the way, and was riding leisurely along, busily with plans of future usefulness and happiness, when his horse sprang suddenly aside, and turning endeavored to run back over the road.

He was not a skittish horse, and Eugene was surprised at so unexpected an occurrence. But he reined in and cautiously bade back to the spot where his master had ridden.

A tree had been struck by lightning, on the roadside, and the bark and splinters were scattered over the road. This was all he saw.

But his horse refused to go on, and reined snorting, and pawing the ground with his feet.

Looking carefully about him Eugene discovered the body of a man, partially covered with the shattered pieces of the demolished tree. He sprang from his horse, and approaching the spot removed the rubbish—and there lay George Pelham, cold and lifeless. He had been struck down by lightning when almost on his prey.

Here he lay, in the bright morning sun; powerless to do anything more; his pace on earth run; his career of crime ended forever.

And pausing over this solemn scene, does it not seem strange that men will forsake the paths of virtue, and stoop to vice and crime? What had it brought to George Pelham but degradation, pain, and unhappiness; What else does it bring to any one even in this life.

And what a small part of existence is

the present life. Does it not seem so looking at this misguided, half insane man lying lifeless here; his hand which had dealt death to others, now bound by that grim monster; and his heart which had long since ceased to thrill with generous impulses, hushed and silent in his bosom.

The name of the wicked shall rot.—Turn from him and forget him; or remember him only to avoid his crimes so that you may escape his miserable end.

Eugene remounted his horse and hurried on to Franklin. Some men were there, just returned from the pursuit. Others were just starting out, searching in every conceivable place for the dangerous outlaw.

“Any news of Pelham?” asked one of the crowd of Eugene as he rode up.

“He is dead. I saw him lying in the road, near Mason Hall, as I came down. He has been struck by lightning.”

Instantly a party was raised, attended by a skillful physician under officers appointed for the purpose and they proceeded to the spot, guided by Eugene, where the body of Pelham lay. They found him, surrounded by a group of persons, but lying as he had fallen when the judgment of heaven overtook him and stopped his bloody career.

Justice was satisfied and his remains were laid away in the burying place of his ancestors. Few mourners stood around the grave into which he was lowered, to sleep until the resurrection morn. And few tears were shed over the little mound of earth which was raised by the hand of charity above him. Draw the mantle of oblivion over him, and forget him kind reader; for what was there in his life to admire, or to imitate.

Turn from him and avoid the first mistake, that lead to the whirlpool of crime into which he sank to rise no more, knowing that the good alone can be happy.

The day appointed for the public sale of the ancient mansion of the Masons had arrived. Groups of busy, business men were standing about the Hall or walking about the grounds, examining with critical eyes the various machinery of the large plantation.

Mason was sitting silent and dejected among the noisy crowd who had been so fortunate as to obtain an introduction into the parlor of the hospitable mansion. It was a heavier blow than he had even anticipated. Reason had taught him that it would be hard to sell his possessions, pass into the hands of strangers. But now he could begin to realize it; and, in spite of himself, his native politeness and good humor forbade him, and he felt gloomy and desolate.

In a quiet room, apart from the bustle and confusion that was reigning around, sat Eugene and Ella. They had been busily talking, but for a few minutes both had been silent.

“I feel sorry for poor Pa,” Ella said with a sigh, turning from the window where she had been standing, and looking at Eugene, who was lounging carelessly at her side.

“Are you not sorry for yourself?” he asked with a smile.

“For myself? No. I am as happy as I could desire.”

But you have never realized the privations that attend poverty. You have never read of it in books, dressed in all the bright colors with which a rich fancy can invest it. But that is not the reality. We see real poverty every day around us. Think of that.”

If she thought of it, it did not look very dismal, for she only smiled in his face and said—

“I can be happy with you anywhere.”

Of course she should not have said this.

The world says that it makes a man vain;

and makes him prize his lady love less;

and does incalculable harm every way;

for a girl to talk so. And is the world ever wrong?

And of course it was equally impolite in Eugene to kiss her so rapturously when she said this, and to say that she was his brightest, dearest, most precious treasure; and a string of other things equally foolish, and unmeaning.

Of course, if they marry they will awake from this foolish dreaming—says the world.

But we have seen some, who have been married long enough to have worn off all the novelty and romance of it, and they continue to live blind to the ways of the world, and love each other just as good as ever. There are numbers living, who are just so silly; and Eugene and Ella will be of this class, in spite of all the sneers the world can give. And in their happiness they will not care a fig, when those who are not so blinded say—“Silly

creatures! How they ever estimate each other!”

The moment the sale commenced Eugene left Ella and joined the eager expectant crowd below. Ella wondered what pleasure it would be to him, to see those treasured objects passing one after another into strange hands. She did not know that those strange hands, which she dreaded, were Eugene's. For Eugene had never once hinted to her that he possessed a penny. He wished to try her, and he had done it; and had found that her love was pure, and undiluted by any base motives. He had urged her to marry him immediately, before this sale, telling her that she had always lived in luxury; she had better marry him here before they were compelled to stoop to poverty.

But she had laughed at him, and told him that she had rather marry just as they expected to live, and that she was not afraid of poverty if only he would love her all the same.

And sometimes he was almost tempted to try it a few months. But then perhaps he would not have the opportunity of buying all these things again; and had not tested her sufficiently?

So he went down and bought everything that was offered for sale; to the great amazement of the gruff moneyed men of the vicinity, who had not counted him an opponent at all; and to Mason's astonishment more than all, who ran up to Ella's room and told the unexpected news in no quiet way.

Mason was rejoiced. It was not so to loose everything, after all, if his child?

But Ella was, for a moment, disappointed. She had painted such fairy pictures of felicity in some cottage home, Silly child. Of course she had too much to do with the grave into which he was lowered, to sleep until the resurrection morn. And few tears were shed over the little mound of earth which was raised by the hand of charity above him. Draw the mantle of oblivion over him, and forget him kind reader; for what was there in his life to admire, or to imitate?

Turn from him and avoid the first mistake, that lead to the whirlpool of crime into which he sank to rise no more, knowing that the good alone can be happy.

This day of confusion and trouble over, the time passed quickly and quietly on until the bridal morn. A soft, beautiful May morning, which nature ushered in with a lavish profession of sweetness.

Heaven and earth seemed to unite in smiling on the union of those two loving hearts—those hearts that had beat with such constancy for each other in the dark winter of adversity.

How could either of them realize, looking out now on the fields, covered with richest flowers, and vocal with singing birds—how could they realize that but one year ago, they were blind and deaf to those beauties because they then partook of them?

And now, looking at that happy pair, standing with clasped hands before the aged man of God while he pronounces the man and wife, do you not see that truth and right, though long crushed down will ever triumph in the end; and deception and treachery, though long triumphant, must inevitably end in darkness and disgrace.

Two years have passed. Let us take another glance at the characters, with whom we have been familiar so long.

Beginning with Harvey Sanford, you remember him? Perhaps you have wished to read of it in books, dressed in all the bright colors with which a rich fancy can invest it. But that is not the reality.

We see real poverty every day around us. Think of that.

If she thought of it, it did not look very dismal, for she only smiled in his face and said—

“I can be happy with you anywhere.”

Of course she should not have said this.

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Well, on the whole, they think they are the happiest pair living; and that is just as good as if they really are. Is it not?

For the Star.

MR. EDITOR.—Sir—I have been surprised that our farmers in every county do not join and have county fairs.

Now as I desire old Rutherford to go ahead in improving in every way, can we not get a few of our good men to meet and enter into an arrangement to compete in crops of Wheat, Corn, Oats Hay, Potatoes, Apples, Peach, Watermelons, Horses, Hogs, Cattle, &c. &c.

It is now too late to have a fair this fall; but now is the time to arrange for next year.

I think, Mr. Editor, I may be allowed to use the names of some of your readers for a good purpose.

Suppose J. M. Allen, George Hodges, L. P. Sorrills, Willis, Bradley, J. Hampton, Richard Smith, William Justice, James Davis, Spencer Eaves, William Erwin, Joseph Green, Richard Harris, D. D. Allen, J. M. Spratt, W. G. Mode, Esqrs, meet and decide to compete with each other for premiums on any or all articles raised by our farmers; it is certain that before next fall and before the time for exhibition there would be no end to the applications to join, every good man in the country would become a member at once.

If my memory serves me right we have never had but one fair in the county, and it was a brilliant affair; for I was present and enjoyed it very much, it was one of the happiest days I have ever had.

But Ella was, for a moment, disappointed. She had painted such fairy pictures of felicity in some cottage home, Silly child. Of course she had too much to do with the grave into which he was lowered, to sleep until the resurrection morn. And few tears were shed over the little mound of earth which was raised by the hand of charity above him. Draw the mantle of oblivion over him, and forget him kind reader; for what was there in his life to admire, or to imitate?

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POETS CORNER.



WHAT THEN.

After the joy of earth
After its song of mirth
After its hours so light,
After its dreams so bright—
What then?

Only an empty name,
Only a weary name
Only a conscious smart,
Only an aching heart—
After this empty name
After this weary frame,
After this conscious smart,
After this aching heart—
What then?

Only a sad farewell,
To a world loved too well,
Only a silent bed,
With the forgotten dead—
After the sad farewell
To a world loved so well,
After this silent bed,
With the forgotten dead—
What then?

Nobody.
If nobody noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be tall;
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly we know.
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's favored you, you're flattered yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you're a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave.

If nobody's called you a fool to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a tyrant or scold,
Somebody thinks you're spiritless indeed;
If nobody knows of faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone;
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's shamed you—here is our pen,
Sign yourself Nobody as quick as you can.

AGRICULTURAL.



"It is not by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

DEEP FALL PLOUGHING.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, last winter, the matter of fall ploughing was fully discussed, and the weight of opinion decidedly seemed in favor of deep ploughing of heavy lands. Mr. Hubbard, of Brimfield, found in his experience in the cultivation of certain crops, that the fall is the best time to plough the ground; he thought that all will concede the fact that the land, if it is heavy, clayey soil, can be worked much earlier in the spring by putting the manure on and ploughing it in in the fall. He did not care how soon it is put on after the crop is taken off; his advice was to "spread it on and plough it in; and so far as my experience goes, I have got a better crop in that way than by allowing the land to remain until spring, and then putting the manure on and ploughing it in."

Mr. Ward, of Monson, thought that much depends upon the ground to be ploughed, whether it is ploughed in the fall. "If you have a tough, hard piece of ground that you desire to break up, it is better to plough in the fall; the frost has considerable effect upon the hard soil, and I do not think there is any very great loss by the wind blowing over the surface soil. I think a light soil may as well be ploughed in the spring as in the fall."

Mr. Thatcher of Lee, in speaking of deep ploughing, in describing a subsoil attachment for a plough said: "We are now using in southern Berkshire a plough which turns over the sod from six to seven inches, with a subsoil attachment running from two to four inches, which does not lift the virgin soil the first year to the surface. This attachment, running behind the mould-board to the depth of four inches, usually stirs the whole width of the furrow to that depth after we have turned over the sod. Our idea is, that by loosening the subsoil by this attachment, we enable the rains to soak down through, which they would not do, our subsoil being clay, (which will not take in water unless the earth was loosened,) and our corn roots run down there to get their moisture. The effect of manure is felt there; and the second year, when we come to plough up again after this stirring of the subsoil, we drop our ploughs down and throw up a part of it. I think we certainly in our northern country derive a benefit by stirring the soil the first year, and very great benefit without lifting it to the surface

and then lifting it to the surface and mixing it in the succeeding ploughing. I have in my mind now a six-acre piece, which would not half feed a cow through the season. We could not get more than four or five inches of the soil before we came to hard clay soil, that retained the water upon it, making the land cold, backward and sour. After ditching that land, and putting in some under drains, (which, of course, benefited it without ploughing,) we commenced ploughing this land in this way to get a deeper soil, not using the subsoil attachment that time, because we did not have it, but using a common plough, following the furrow afterward, and lifting one or two inches at a time. I am speaking within bounds when I say that the second year the crop of corn paid twice over for the labor of ditching and double ploughing. It is as good a piece of land now, I think, as can be found in the town of Lee."

Deep ploughing of heavy lands, then, with clayey subsoils, is to be recommended in autumn, and a plough which turns the sod and lifts and breaks the subsoil, permitting it to fall back into its place without bringing it to the surface, is the implement which seems most desirable—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

WILLIAM W. HOLDEN—Governor.
TOD R. CALDWELL—Lieut.-Governor.
H. J. MENNINGER—Secretary of State.
DAVID A. JENKINS—Treasurer.
HENDESON ADAMS—Auditor.
CECIL L. HARRIS—Sup. Pub. Works.
SAMUEL S. ASHLEY—Sup. Pub. Instn.
WILLIAM M. COLEMAN—Attor.-General.

TOWN OR CTRS.

J. M. JUSTICE—Mayor.
J. V. WALKERSON,
F. D. WOOD,
R. W. LOGAN,
J. K. DECK,
A. MOONEY—Marshall.
A. D. K. WALLACE—Clerk.

Rutherford County Officers.

(Elected under the New Constitution.)
MARTIN WALKER—Sheriff.
A. P. HOLMELIN—Coroner.
J. B. CARPENTER—Co Ct Superior Court.
J. W. McLELLAN—Treasurer.
J. A. THOMAS—Register of Deeds.
J. W. HAMILTON, Jr.—Treasurer.

J. M. ALLEN,
B. W. ANDREWS,
JOS. TAYLOR,
C. J. SPARES,
H. H. HOPPER—Commissioners.

Polk County Officers.

(Elected under the New Constitution.)
N. B. HARRIS—Sheriff.
JACKIE DALTON—Coroner.
R. A. ARANS—County Ct Superior Court.
J. A. THOMAS—Register of Deeds.

J. W. HAMILTON, Jr.—Treasurer.
J. M. HAMILTON—Surveyor.
J. F. RAINS,
BERRY THOMPSON,
G. B. ARLEDGE,
JOHN GRIER,
MILES PAIGETT—Commissioners.

Mcdowell County Officers.

J. J. BRADLEY—Sheriff.
D. W. JAMESON—Coroner.
J. H. DUNGAN—Treasurer.
D. O. H. W. GILLESPIE—Co Ct Superior Court.
JOSIAH WISEMAN—Surveyor.

JOHN ROSS,
JAMES B. BURR,
J. W. MC CALL,
J. C. FALKNER,
J. C. EVANS—Commissioners.

Mail Arrangements.

Cherryville Mail—arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 m.

Leaves for Cherryville the same day at 1 p.m.

Asheville Mail—arrives Mondays and Fridays at 6 p.m.

Leaves Tuesdays at 6 a.m.

Greenville Mail—arrives Tuesdays at 7 p.m.

Leaves Tuesdays at 6 a.m.

Columbus Mail—arrives Tuesdays at 7 p.m.

Leaves Tuesdays at 6 a.m.

Morganton Mail—arrives Saturdays at 7 p.m.

Leaves Fridays at 6 a.m.

County Mail—arrives Thursdays at 12 m.

Leaves Tuesdays at 1 p.m.

Marion Mail—arrives Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p.m.

Leaves Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6 a.m.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA

Department of Public Instruction,

RALEIGH, Sept 10, 1868, CIRCULAR.

Country Commissioner of ——County:

GENTLEMEN—Your attention is respectfully

called to Section 2, Article VII. of the Constitu-

tional Law of the Public Schools in the respective

Counties is made the duty of the County Com-

misioners; and almost to Article IX., Sec-

tion 3, which declares the neglect of certain

districts on the part of the County Commissioners,

in reference to the Public Schools, and indicates

the districts which are to be selected, that each

County in the State shall be divided into a con-

venient number of Districts. The duty of making

this division into Districts, devolves upon the

County Commissioners and to be performed and

reported to the General Assembly before the

first day of January, 1869." See Article VII, Sec-

tion 20.

In order to ensure a speedy and thorough

organization of the Free Public Schools System,

prescribed by the Constitution, it is required

that this work of Districting the Counties should

be hastened to completion. Until this is done

provision cannot be made for the establishment

of schools in the different districts.

In establishing these Districts it is desirable,

that the municipal Districts should be the School

Districts; also, that reference should be had, as

far as practicable, of schools houses already ex-

isting; also, except in extreme cases, no District

should be less than one-half the size between

the size of six and twenty one miles.

Your attention is also called to the orders of

the Board of Education, passed September 9,

1868, a certified copy of which is transmitted

herewith.

It is necessary to pass such orders, the Board

Article IX, Section 2, of the Constitution.

Until repeated, these orders have the force and

authority of law.

Yours respectfully,

S. S. ASHLEY,

Sup. Public Instruction

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. H. JOHNSON & ROBINSON

Watchmakers and Jewellers,

130 Bowery, New York.

Agents for the AMERICAN WATCH CO., and

first class SWISS and ENGLISH WATCHES,

Diamonds bought and sold. Silver Ware in great

variety. Plated ware of our own manufacture,

fine Jewelry of every description. Articles sent

to all parts of the country free of expense,

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found in the town of Lee."

The Best Silver Watch in the

Country for \$30.

SILVER AMERICAN WATCHES, \$40, \$45, \$50, \$60, \$85.

LADIES' GOLD SWISS WATCHES, \$55, \$70, \$90, \$100, \$140.

GENTS' GOLD WATCHES, \$85 to \$200.

2nd & 3rd. [A.A.A.] 21

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130 Bowery, New York.

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<p